THE ODES OF HORACE

In *Latin* and *Engliſh*;

With a Tranſlation of

Dr. *BENTLEY*'s NOTES.

To which are added,

NOTES upon NOTES; Done in the *Bentleian* Stile and Manner.

Rideat, & pulſet laſciva decentius ætas. Hor.

PART IV.

To be Continued.

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Q. Horatii Flacci
ODARUM

LIB. I.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ODE XIII. *Ad* LYDIAM.

CUM tu Lydia Telephi
Cervicem roseam, (a) cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, va, meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur;

(b) Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manet: humor & in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

Uror seu tibi candidos
Turparunt humeros immodica mero
Rixa: sive puer furens
Impressit memorem dente labris notam:

Na

THE ODES OF *HORACE.*

BOOK I.

ODE XIII. *To* LYDIA.

WHile *Telaphus*'s blooming Charms
My *Lydia* praiſes to the Skie,
His roſie Neck, and waxen Arms,
With Spleen I burſt, with Paſſion die.

'Tis then I rave, look pale, and pine:
Then gentle Tears exhaling prove
The ſecret Fire that lurks within,
The ſecret waſting Fires of Love.

With Jealouſie I rave and burn,
To ſee you ſhow your livid Scars:
Your Lips with biting Kiſſes torn,
In Revels and nocturnal Wars.

Non, ſi me ſatis audias,
Speres perpetuum, dulcia barbarè
Ladentem oſcula, quæ Venus
(c) *Quintâ parte ſui nectaris imbuit.*

Felices ter & amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulſus querimoniis
Suprema citius ſolvet amor die.

Dr. B——'s Notes. Ode 13.

(a) CEREA *Telephi laudas brachia.*] All the Parchments extant do, as I ſuppoſe, agree in this *Reading*, which is confirm'd by *Servius* upon *Virgil*, Eclogue the ſecond; where he explains thoſe words of *Virgil*, *Addam* cerea *pruna*, by ſaying, *That is, of the colour of Wax, or ſoft as Wax*, See *Horace*; Cerea *Telephi laudas brachia*. And yet *Julius Scaliger* had good reaſon to take offence here. His words are theſe; *When* Horace *had ſaid*, roſeam cervicem, *one would ſuſpect, that his* cerea brachia *ſignify'd the colour, as in Virgil* cerea *pruna*: *I think the Epithet* Lactea *will do better*. As for Expoſitors, they are divided this way and that way, and they turn and mold the word *Cerea*, as if it were really made of *Wax*, into as many Shapes as they plea in order either to defend excuſe their Author. all this is waſhing the Bla amoor; For why would t underſtand *cerea* of the lour? Yellow is no good lour for the Hands; they labour with the *Jaundice*, their Hands of this Colo thus *Ovid*'s look'd in t Diſtemper. See *de Pont.* 10. Now whether *cerea* nifies ſuch a ſort of Be as is found in *waxen* Ima like that which is ſee Statues of Marble, ſee gil, Geor. 4, 523. and tial, 8. 56, who make Neck and *Hands* of *Ma* But then *marmorea* in Places in ſynonimous to *dida*, and reſpects the lour not the Shape. See Author, *Carm.* 1. 19. cretius, 2. 764. Suppoſe

Believe me, *Lydia*, charming Maid,
You'll never find thoſe Lovers true,
Who could your balmy Lips invade,
Where Love diſtils his ſweeteſt Dew.

Thrice happy they, whoſe Hearts are ty'd
In Love's myſterious Knot ſo cloſe,
No Strife, no Quarrels e'er divide,
And only Death fell Death can looſe.

ſay, that *cerea* ſignifies *ſoft* and *ſupple*, as *Horace*, Epod. 15? but then this is no better than t'other: for tho' Wax be ſoft and yeilding to the Preſſure, yet it retains the Impreſſion like the Fleſh of Men in a Dropſie, which is little better than Carrion. However let *cerea brachia* be admitted in any manner of Senſe, yet, as *Scaliger* obſerves, *Horace* muſt be guilty of a Blunder in placing *cerea brachia* next to *roſeam cervicem*, to cheat the Reader, and make him think that both *Epithets* denoted the Colour, and imagine that this handſome Fellow *Telephus* had no better a Complexion than a Duck's Foot. What ſhall we do next? We ſhould be at a loſs, but Bleſſings on the Heart of that old Grammarian *Flavius Caper*, who without any help has clear'd up this matter, and acquited *Horace* of all that could be laid to his Charge. He gives us, *page* 2242, the difference between *lactans*, *lactens*, *lacteas*. *Lactans*, ſays he, is a *Sharper*, *lacteas* any thing that is *milky*, as a Fig, See *Lucilius*, For ſo we read it, *lactens* and *lacteas ficus*, and not according to the Vulgar. See *Ovid*, Faſt. 2. 263. But *lacteus* is *White*, and then he quotes *Horace*, Lactea *laudat brachia*. Here honeſt *Caper* talks to the purpoſe, only he ſhould have wrote *laudas* and not *laudat*: for without doubt he had an Eye to this very Paſſage in *Horace*, which we are now upon; nor is there any Suſpicion of a Blunder, for he quotes it for this very purpoſe, to prove that *Lactea* ſignifies *White*. Is there any reaſon why we ſhould not reſtore the genuine Lection upon the Credit of ſo good an Author?

Cervicem roseam, lactea *Telephi*.

Laudas brachia.——— Nothing can be Finer and more Commodious! Both the Epithets denote the Colour; *Venus*'s Neck is called *rosea* by *Virgil*, Æn. 11. 406. He calls the Hands *lactea*, speaking of *Ascanius*, Æn. 10. 137. and again de *Gal.* 8. 660. See *Nemes.* 2. 80. *Whiteness* is a common Elogium for the *Hands*. Vide Ovid. Amor. 3. 7.

(*b*) *Tunc nec mens mihi nec color certâ sede manent.*] Some of *Lambin*'s and *Pulmannus*'s Books write it *manet*, and so says the *Venetian* Edition 1478, which is very right. He who would talk good *Latin*, must express himself thus; See *Teren.* Eunuch. 4. 5. Where two *Singulars* are in *Conjunction*, they agree with a Verb of either number, whether *Singular* or *Plural*; But where two *Singulars* are in *Disjunction*, as it is here, Reason and Custom require that the *Verb* should be *Singular*. This Alteration was made by some little Pretenders to Erudition, who knew not that a *short* Syllable, in the cutting off of a Verse, assumes the Power of a *Long* one, see our Author. *Car.* 2. 13.

Caca timet aliunde fata.

(*c*) [illegible] *ris imbuit.*] A [illegible] ed Man, one *James Talbot*, who some Years ago put out a very bright *Edition* of *Horace* at *Cambridge*, imagines that a certain Fellow whom he does not Name, deserves very well of our Author, who put *Quanta* into the Room of *Quinta*. Now this deserving Fellow is no other than *Ramirez de Prado* in Pentecontarcho, c. 50. See *Persius* Sat. 5. 21. where you will find *Quanta Pars*. As for the meaning of *Quinta*, you may if you please, consult the Interpretets: For us, we [illegible] pass'd a Resolution, [illegible] give the *Reader* any [illegible] of Light in these [illegible] Matters.

NOTES *upon* NOTES. ODE 13.

ILLud cerea, *quasi revera cereum esset, in quascunque volunt sensus flectunt fingunt-que.*] Our *Commentator* is very merry here with the *Interpreters*, for turning and moulding the word *cerea*, which signifies *Wax*, into so many Shapes and Figures, as if it were really made of *Wax*. This Remark is so extraordinary, that the *Chronology* of it ought to be *settled*. It was made upon the first of *April*, Anno 171[illegible] within three paces of *Trinity-College* Buttery, the little Bell ringing at the same time, which

which occasioned that noble Exclamation from a *Westminster* Fresh-man,

Punnica *se quantis attollit gloria rebus!*

Quid enim? an cerea *de colore interpretabantur? at fada res est color flavus in brachiis.*] *Horace* is here commending the Beauty of a young Fellow, one *Telephus*; and he compares his Hands to *Wax-work*, and calls them *cerea*; the Dr. will not allow of this: *for*, says he, *Wax is of a yellow Colour, so it is no Compliment to suppose any part of the Body like Wax.* This had pass'd Current, but a great Critick in these Affairs interposes, the Famous Mrs. *Salmon* at the *Salmon* near *Chancery-Lane* in *Fleet-street*, who gives out that she has now the greatest Beauties, not only of the *British* Court, but of all *Europe*, to be seen in Wax-work at her House: all which are particularly remarkable for their Complexions; and she further adds, that it is no mean Piece of Gallantry to tell a fine Lady, that she is so exquisitely handsome, that nothing in *Wax-work* can be more Beautiful.

Brachia autem Lactea, ut iterum *Virgilius* de *Ascanio*, Æn. 1. 137.

Fusos cervix *cui* lactea *crines.*

Accipit ———] This is an intolerable Blunder in some of those sad Dogs the *Librarians*, who in the present *Cambridge* Edition of *Horace*, have made Dr. *B.* quote *Virgil* to prove, *that* Ascanius *had white Hands*; when in the Place cited, he only mentions his Neck, and says not a word of his Hands; which every Body knows may be tann'd, especially in Boys, though the Neck be never so Fair. O Intolerable *Librarians*! would they make us believe, such stuffs as this could come from the Acurate Dr. *B*?

Tu vero quid quinta *hic sibi velit, vide, si libet apud Interpretes: nobis semel est constitutum, nullam his rebus turpiculis lucem affundere.*] *Horace*, speaking of *kissing*, calls it the *Quintessence* of *Nectar*. The Dr. will not explain this, because 'tis Smut; *but*, says he, *you may, if you please, resort to such Interpreters as will furnish you with a Comment upon the place.* Here it is plain the *Comedian* copyed from our Author, where he makes an old Grave *Don* tell a young *Rake* ——— *Can you think a Person of my Gravity would go with you to a Bawdy House? But if you are a Stranger in this place, I'll give you Directions.*

ODE XIV.

O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus? o quid agis? fortiter occupa
Portum. nonne vides ut
Nudum remigio latus?

Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
Antennaque gemant? ac sine funibus
(a) Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius.

Æquor? Non tibi sunt integra lintea,
(b) Non dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Sylvæ filia nobilis,

Jactes & genus & nomen inutile.
(c) Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium cave.

Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

ODE XIV.

ILL-fated Ship! to quit the Shores,
And launch into the Main,
On a new Voyage, without Oars,
Thence never to return again!

The Winds have rent your Yard and Maſt:
Your Sail and Tackle's gone;
A ſtormy Sea or ſudden Blaſt
Will ſoon your foundring Keel o'erturn.

No more the Gods will calm the Floods;
Tho' thy Deſcent lay Claim
To ancient venerable Woods,
A boaſted Birth, and uſeleſs Name.

The painted Forms that grace the Stern,
Can't eaſe the Sailors Minds;
Take heed, leaſt you too in your Turn
Give new Diverſion to the Winds.

For you I wiſh, for you I fear,
Innur'd to endleſs Toils:
Thoſe Shelves and narrow Straights beware,
That lye between the *Grecian* Iſles.

(a) *VIX durare carina possint*] *We must take Notice*, says *Julius Scaliger*, *whether there be any Precedent for an Author to make one* Ship *carry several Keels.* Here *Scaliger* is in the right; no antient Author ever talkt at this rate: For one Ship can have but one Keel. Now what say the Interpreters to this, who are often smart upon *Scaliger*, as if he were a mortal Critick to *Horace*? Why truly they would craftily come off by saying nothing; but still they persist in affixing *two Keels* to *one Ship*. In order therefore to clear our most accurate Author from so shameful a Blunder, we will be more large in explaining the whole Passage.

O navis referent in mare tenovi fluctus?

So you must read it with an *Interrogation Point*; and so says the *Venetian* Edition 1478. All other *Editions* I adjudge to be in the wrong

O quid agis? fortiter occupa
Portum: nonne vides ut
Nudum remigio latus?

That is, *Be courageous, and bravely Skulk into the furthest Creek of the Harbour, least the Waves drive you out to Sea: which, unless you take care, will certainly happen, since you have no Oars by your side, which are the only Safe guard against the Winds.* [illegible] *dum remigio* signifies, either *that she had lost her Oars in a Storm*, see *Virgil* and *Horace* Epod. 10, where we read of broken Oars: Or else it signifies, *that the Mariners upon their Arrival in the Port took in their Oars, and stow'd them up and down in the Ship.* It follows,

Nonne vides ut
Nudum remigio latus,
Et malus celeri saucius Africo
Antenneque gemant? & sine funibus
Vix durare carina
Possint imperiosius
Æquor?

So the *Editions* read it, *Gemant* and *possint*; whence the Sense must run thus: *See how your Side, your Mast, and your Sail-yard groan?* What think you now? Can you relish this, *see how they groan? But* can *Groans* be *seen*? I should fancy the Ear a much proper Organ in this Case. Here we must advertise, that *Servius* in quoting this Place twice, *Æne.* 1, 211, & 8, 577, reads *Possunt* and not *possint*. This is also plainly to be seen in the most excellent *Queens College* Copy, and also in the *Zulichemian* and *Loscherian* Edition, 1498. There is no doubt but the same *Lection* stood in other *Editions*; for I often find, that our Interpreters make no Bones

of ſuppreſſing thoſe *Lections*, which they do not like. But now if upon the Strength of this Evidence we are able to reſtore *poſſunt*, then by the very ſame Trick we muſt alſo fetch back *gemunt* to its old Place. To be ſhort, that old Book, the *Peter-houſe* Copy, retains both *gemunt* and *poſſunt* without any the leaſt Scratch or Blot. Thus therefore you muſt ſet out and point the whole Paſſage.

Nonne vides, ut
Nudum remigio latus
Et malus celeri ſaucius Africo
Antennaque gemunt? & ſine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Poſſunt imperioſius——
Æquor?

In which Words, firſt we muſt obſerve, that *Scaliger* and his *Story-tellers* are very much out in ſuppoſing, that *Carinæ* (Keels) do not belong to more than one Ship; for thus ſays *Horace*, *ſo great a Tempeſt is ariſen, that thy Maſt and Sail-yard, O Ship, groan; and the other Ships that are in the ſame Harbour cannot keep their Stations but by caſting Anchor.* Let us explain the whole by Parcels. A School-boy can tell, that *carina* ſtands for the *whole Ship*; *funis* ſignifies the *Anchor*, which I wonder ſo many Interpreters ſhould never luck upon. See *Lucan.* 2. 261. and 5, 514. *Virgil* Æneid. 4, 575. Nothing is more common; and we cannot omit, that the very *plural* Number, *funibus*, ſeems to imply, that there were more Ships than one: for if there had been only one, it would have been *funis*, Rope, and not *funes* Ropes. Then it is a ſhrewd Sign of a very ſore Tempeſt, when, as we find it was here, the Ships cannot keep their Stations even in the Harbour without caſting Anchor. It uſed to be otherwiſe; for *Virgil*, Æneid. 1, 272, deſcribes ſo ſafe and calm a Port, that there was no need of Cable or Anchor. *Take heed then, O Ship*, ſays *Horace*, *leaſt the Waves drive thee out into the Main; for ſince the Storm is ſo great even in the Harbour, what will it be when you are many Leagues out at Sea?* Now all that remains for us to do, is to try what Precedents we can bring, to juſtifie *durare æquor*, which indeed is an uncommon Expreſſion, as it ſtands for *perferre* and *ſuſtinere*. *Torrentius* was ſo puzzled with this, that he had recourſe to a very fooliſh Diſtinction, rather than he would *durare* or *ſtand* this ſame *durare*. And yet *Servius* cites it twice to prove that *durare* is the ſame with *ſuſtinere*. *Virg.* 8, 577. Add to him *Statius*, Sylv. 5, 2. and *Valerius Flaccus*, 8. 338. In all which Places *durare* ſignifies to *Hold out*.

(b) *Now*

(b) *Non di quos iterum preſſa voces malo*] All the *Books* read it thus; I am ſure, all that I have ſeen, do, and ſo I believe do thoſe which I have not ſeen. And yet the moſt excellent *Nick Heinſius* has a Mind to another *Lection*, which forſooth is *prenſa*; nay even we had an Itching after this long before we ſaw *Nick Heinſius*'s *Book*. See our *Author* Carm. 2, 16.

——*In patenti*
Prenſus Ægæo.

Here the Parchments blunder and write *preſſus*, which is wrong. See *Catullus*, 25. *Lucret.* 6. *Virgil* in Cir. 5, 60. *Georg.* 1. and *Æneï.* 5, 52. *Ovid* Metam. 11, 663. Idem *Dido Æneæ*. *Statius* Theb. 1, 374. *Seneca* de vitâ Beatâ, Cap. 14. Upon theſe Authorities I ſuppoſe it was that the illuſtrious *Heinſius* had a Mind to pop in *Prenſa*; but I would not have you go raſhly to Work in making any Alteration here. Indeed if the Books had mentioned *Salo* or *Vado*, then I ſhould have fallen in with *Heinſius*, and have thought *prenſa* a very commodious Word: and yet even then *preſſa* would have been as good a Word as *prenſa*. But now when all the Books prefer *malo*, I muſt ſtick by the vulgar *Reading*, and *preſſa* is more agreeable than *prenſa*. See *Minucius Fel.* p. 258. *Ovid* Amor. 2, 11. Et *faſt.* 4. Et *Metam.* 11, 557. Auctor *Octav.* 347. *Digeſt.* li. 14. tit. 2. leg. 6. Navis adverſâ tempeſtate *depreſſa*. Where you cannot doubt but it muſt be amended, and *deprenſa* put in; the thing ſpeaks it ſelf. But at *Lect.* the 7, of the ſame *Book*, *depreſſa* is allow'd to be right. Thus you ſee, we have removʼd all Scruples, and reſtorʼd the ſound *Reading* in all the Books.

Non di quos iterum preſſa voces malo. Preſſa here ſignifies *merſa* or *drowned*; as the Gods here meant are *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, called by a hard Name *Dioſcuri*, who ſaved Veſſels from Shipwrack even after they were loſt and ſunk. See *Hor.* Car. 4, 8. *Theocritus* in Διοσκούροις ver. 17. where very handſome things are ſaid in behalf of theſe two *Boys* of *Jupiter*.

(c) *Nil pictis timidus nauita puppibus fidit*] *Gale*'s Book, which is a good one, reads *Tumidus*, and *Scaliger* was pleas'd with the Alteration. *For*, ſays he, Brutus *had a good deal of Confidence, but no Fear. Wherefore read* tumidus, *not* timidus, *and* fidat *not* fidit. This would do, if we could ſuppoſe that *Horace* had dreamt of *Brutus* in this Place. But 'tis plain *Scaliger*, like ſome others was trickt by *Quintilian* and the old *Scholiaſts*, who always ſuppoſed, there was an *Allegory* in this *Ode*, and that the *Ship* ſignify'd the *Common-wealth*, the *Sea*

the *Civil Wars*, and the *Harbour Peace*. But that sharp Fellow *Tanaquil Faber*, and before him, the most elegant *Muretus*, easily saw through this pitiful Whim.

NOTES *upon* NOTES. ODE 14.

Oculisne percipi poterit genitus?] The Dr. will not suffer *Horace* to say, *Viden ut Gemant*: and yet the Orator says, *Loquere ut videam*; certainly *Poetry* may make more free with the Senses of Mankind than *Prose*.

Illud funibus *satis nos admonet, non de nuâ, sed de pluribus navigiis verba hic fieri*] Suppose *funis* to signifie a Rope, why *one Ship* should not have *many Ropes*, must remain a Secret in Navigation.

Dii isti etiam mersas et obrutas naves eripiebant periculo] The Gods here mentioned our *Commentator* calls *Jupiter's* Boys; but if this be true, which the Dr. here asserts, *Jupiter* would have been but a Boy to them: For certainly to *save a Ship after it is lost and sunk*, is a greater Enterprize than any related of *Jupiter*, by all the ancient Poets put together.

ODE

ODE XV.

Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenam perfidus hospitam,
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera

Nereus fata. Malâ ducis avi domum
Quam multo repetit Græcia milite,
Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias,
Et regnum Priami vetus.

(a) *Eheu quantus equis quantus adest viris*
Sudor: quanta moves funera Dardanæ
Genti! jam galeam Pallas & ægida
Currûsque & rabiem parat.

Necquiquam Veneris præsidio ferox
Pectes Cæsariem: grataque fœminis
(b) *Imbelli citharâ carmina divides.*
Necquiquam thalamo graves

Hastas, & calami spicula Cnossii
Vitabis, strepitumque & celerem sequi
Ajacem: tamen heu serus adulteros
Crines pulvere collines.

(c) Non

ODE XV.

WHEN *Paris* through the briny Tide
Convey'd the *Spartan* Bride,
The Winds were huſht, the Sea was laid,
Whilſt *Nereus* in prophetick Strains his future Doom
[diſplay'd.
Unhappy Youth in ſuch a Spouſe,
Whom *Greece* in Arms purſues,
Sworn to regain the fatal Prey,
And interrupt thy Joys and *Priam*'s ancient Sway!

The final Fate of *Troy* draws near;
How raging is the War!
What Troops, what Hurry, what Alarms!
Pallas aſſumes her Rage, her Chariot and her Arms.

In *Venus* and your well-comb'd Hair
Is all your Hope and Care,
Or on the tuneful Lyre to play,
And ſofteſt, ſweeteſt Sounds to Virgins Ears convey.

In rich Alcoves you ſport and laugh,
From Spears and Arrows ſafe:
There mighty *Ajax* cannot wound;
But ſoon your fragrant Hair ſhall ſweep the duſty Ground.

Think

(c) *Non Laërtiaden, exitium tuæ*
Gentis, non Pylium Neſtora reſpicis?
Urgent impavidi te Salaminius
(d) *Teucerque & Sthenelus ſciens*

Pugnæ: ſive opus eſt imperitare equis,
Non auriga piger; Merionem quoque
Noſces. ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydides, melior patre:

Quem tu cervus uti vallis in alterâ
Viſum parte lupum graminis immemor,
Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.

Iracunda diem proferet Ilio
Matroniſque Phrygum claſſis Achillei;
Poſt certas hyemes ure Achaicus
Ignis Iliacas domos.

Think on *Ulyſſes* ſage and bold,
And *Neſtor* wiſe though old;
Teucer and *Sthenelus* prepare
To ſhake your Town with Arms, your trembling Heart [with Fear.

In Horſes and in Chariots skill'd
They range the bloody Field;
Merion too ſhall give you Chaſe,
And *Diomed* the braveſt ſtouteſt of his Race.

He ſhall purſue and threaten Death:
You tir'd and out of Breath,
Shall pant and heave along the Shores,
As from the brinded Wolf the frighted Lambkin ſcours.

Achilles ſhall defer the Date
Of your untimely Fate:
But e'er Ten rolling Years expire,
The lofty Walls of *Troy* ſhall blaze with *Grecian* Fire.

(a) *EHEU quantus equis quantus adest viris sudor*] Statius *very elegantly borrow'd from this Passage in his* Theb. 3. *Prudentius* in his Cathem. 5, 52, prettily imitated what follows, v. 17, *Calami spicula Cnossii.*

(b.) *Imbelli cithara carmina divides.*] *Seneca* seems to have copy'd from this, but the Passage, as we nowhave it, is faulty. *Herc. Oet.* 1080.

Sed cum linqueret inferos
Orpheus carmina fundens;
Et vinci lapis improbus
Et vatem potuit sequi.

For in the second Verse, there is a *Spondee* which takes up the Place of a *Dactyl* or *Cretick*, which is never done but at a full *Period*, though there is none here; and therefore the most accute *Fred. Gronovius* for *fundens* will put in *funditans*; but do not you think we have mended it better, by reading,

Orpheus carmina dividens,

by placing *dividens* in the room of *fundens*? we only alter one Letter, for *un* is so like *ivi* in the *Manuscripts*, that you can hardly know them asunder.

(c) *Non Laertiaden exitium tua gentis*] Three *Blandinian* Copies of *Cruquius*, and as many of *Lambin* read, *Genti*: and more than this, my best Books, the *Gravian*, and *Queens-College* say, *Non Laertiaden*, excidium *tua*——— *Fabricius* found *excidium* in his Copy. In truth any of these Readings will hold Water; chuse which you will *Exitium gentis*, or *Exitium genti*, *Excidium genti*, or *Excidium gentis*. See *Vetus Poeta* apud *Cicer.* de Divin. 21. *Velleius. Pater.* 2, 30. *Plaut.* Bacch. 4, 9. *Manilius* 1. *Virg.* Ecl. Et *Aeneï.* 2. Yet still I like the Looks of *exitium genti* which I believe will maintain its ground in all the Editions and *Parchments*: *Genti* went before in the *leventh* Verse. See *Seneca* Marcion. *Cicero* ad Arus. Respon. c, 4. *Ovid* Met. 13, 500. *Sulpicia* in Sat. *Seneca* Hercul. Fur. 358. *Troad.* 893. In all which Authors, *Exitium* has a *Genitive* Case attending it.

(d) *Teucerque & Sthenelus*] Some very old Books say *Teucer & Sthenelus*, and this the old *Editions* the *Venetian* and *Loscherian* agree.

Some Books says *Teucer* and so say some Editions after *Lambin*. Only one of mine, and that the most Modern, has *Teucerque Sthenelus*; but then in the *Queens Colledge* Copy, 'tis easie to suspect, by the Widenes of the Space between *Teu* and *&*, that *que* had been raised. And *Torrentius* affirms that he found *Teucerque Sthenelus* in all the *Editions* I must needs think such

Ode

Omiſſion was the Blunder of the *Printer*, and that *Teucer &*, ought to be reſtor'd. Be that as it will: the *Lection*, according to all Probability, ought to run thus,

Urgent impavidi te Salaminius
Teucerque & Sthenelus ſciens.

for if he had ſaid *Te Sthenelus*, he would not have uſed the *Plural* Number *urgent impavidi*: Becauſe our Author is fond of a *ſingular* Verb, even though a great many Nominative Caſes go before it. See *Carm.* 4. 14. which is pat to our Purpoſe, and where there are four *Nominative* Caſes to one *ſingular* Verb. See our *Comment* at *Ode* 1, 24, Verſ. 8. Therefore *Teucerque & Sthenelus* is the right Lection; we muſt ſuppoſe both theſe purſuing *Paris*, whence the Word *urgent* is made *Plural*. Here it is to be obſerv'd, that in the Manuſcripts, where there is a double *Conjunction* as here, the *Librarians* do often ſuppreſs one of them, if the Meaſure of the Verſe will permit. But if any Body takes a fancy to *Te Sthenelus*, I ſhall not be much againſt their having it and Welcome.

NOTES *upon* NOTES. ODE 15.

EXcidium gentis. Vide, *Poeta vetus apud* Ciceronem *&c.*] Here the Dr. muſters together about a Dozen of *Quotations* to prove that *Excidium* or *exitium* may be followed by a *Genitive Caſe*, as if this were ſome extraordinary Diſcovery. From ſuch Atchievements as theſe Men attain the Titles of *Acurate, Illuſtrious, Learned, Accute, the Star of Criticiſm, the North-Pole of Erudition*, and the like; now in order to enable the *Reader* to follow ſuch Steps, and attain the ſame Character, I ſhall here ſubjoin a *Receipt* to make a *Great Critick. Take two or more* Words *out of* Horace, Virgil, *or any other Author; put theſe together in a* Phraſe; *then lay them by a drying upon the* Alphabet; *then take the* Indexes *of* Statius, Juvenal, Tibullus, *and as many other Authors as you think fit, not leſs in Number than* ſix. *Sift them well, and take out of them all the* Excidiums *or* Exitiums, (*if that be your Word*) *together with the* Genitive Caſes *that follow; then bruſe the whole together. Let it ſtand a while 'till it comes to a Conſiſtency; then ſpread it upon Paper, and without any* Inward Application, *it will infallibly make you a Perſon of a* ſound Judgment, *of* Great Erudition, *and of* Immenſe Reading.

ODE XVI. *Ad* AMICAM.

O *Matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior,*
Quem criminosis cunque voles modum
Pones Iambis: sive flammâ,
Sive mari libet Adriano.

(a) *Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit*
Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
Non Liber aque: non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra,

Tristes ut iræ; quas neque Noricus
Deterret ensis, nec mare naufragum,
Nec sævus ignis, nec tremendo
Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu.

Fertur Prometheus (b) *addere principi*
Limo coactus particulam undique
Desectam, & insani Leonis
Vim stomacho adposuisse nostro.

Iræ Thyestem exitio gravi
Struxere: & altis urbibus ultimæ
Stetere causæ cur perirent
Funditus, imprimeretque muris.

ODE XVI. *To his* MISTRESS.

DO with my Satyrs as you pleaſe,
O faireſt of your Name!
Or drown them in the Rapid Seas,
Or ſet them on a Flame.

Paſſion's a Madneſs in the Breaſt,
No God can blow it higher,
When *Bacchanals* or Prieſts poſſeſs'd,
The Frantick Pow'rs inſpire.

Paſſion through Fire and Sword runs on;
Can Storms and Tempeſt ſtand,
Though mighty *Jove* himſelf ruſh down,
With Thunder in his Hand.

Prometheus from the Lyon's Heart
Took this bright Eager Ray,
And made it of Mankind a Part,
And wrapt it in our Clay.

By Paſſion great *Thyeſtes* fell,
The Cauſe of all his Woe;
It brings tall Turrets down to Hell,
And lays proud Cities low.

Hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.
Compresce mentem. me quoque pectoris
Tentavit in dulci juventâ
Fervor, & in celeres iambos

Misit furentem: nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quaro tristia; dum mihi
Fias recantatis amica
Opprobriis, animumque reddas.

Dr. B——'s Notes. Ode 16.

(a) NON Dindymene. I Pray observe this whole Passage.

Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
Non Liber aquè, non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra,
Tristes ut Iræ.

'Tis impossible to construe this, but after the following manner. *The* Corybantes *do not thump their Kettle-drums so manfully, as cruel Anger thumps her Kettle-drum.* Turn which way you will, this is all you can make of the Words. Now since this is very silly, and as the *Greeks* say, ἀναπόλαθον, I suppose we must look out for an Emendation. The better sort of *Librarians* have imagined, that *sic* ought by all means to be restored in the *fourth* Line, that no *ut* may have something to answer to. But they should have troubled themselves with other Matters: Since there is a good Provision made in the *Third* Verse, where *aque* has a plain reference to *ut*. You cannot doubt but *Horace* wrote it thus,

Non Liber aquè, non acuta
Si geminant Corybantes æra.

The Sense is; *Not* Cybel, nor Phœbus, *nor* Bacchus, *nor* the Corybantes, *though they should thump their Kettle-drums as so lustily, can shake the Mind so much as cruel Anger does.* The like way of Expression is to be found at *Carm.* 2. 17. The thing is the same whether you read *Si geminent*, or *Si ingeminent*: as for the meaning of *Geminare æra*, you will find that in *Lucretius*, 2. 635. and *Ovid*, Metam. 4. 534. Et *Fast.* 4. 184. It ap-

Then prithee ceaſe to *Pout* and *Fret*,
The Horrid Crime I own:
When your ſuppreſs'd my Amorous Heat,
It broke into Lampoon.

Then I was Mad, but now I'll try,
To make my Dear amends;
Away with all this *Piſh* and *Fie*,
Let's Kiſs, and ſo be Friends.

---

pears by thoſe Citations to be much ſuch another thing with what *Drummers* call *Rolling*.

(b) *Addere principi limo coactus.*] The word *Coactus* gives offence to *Julius Scaliger*; *For*, ſays he, Prometheus *was not forced: he did not do this by Compulſion.* Whence *Scaliger* came by this Fancy I cannot conceive; I ſuppoſe there is no Author now extant but our *Horace*, who touches upon this Fable. And yet I muſt own, I think it very likely, that there was ſuch a ſort of a Fable invented by ſomebody or other, in which *Prometheus* is ſuppoſed to do what he did by Compulſion; For he made Man of his own Head, and not by Command or in Obedience to any Superior Being. If therefore any one has a mind to hold with *Scaliger* he may eaſily cure this Place by a ſmall *Correction.*

Fertur Prometheus addere principi
Limo coactam *particulam undique*
Deſectam, & inſani leonis
Vim ſtomacho adpoſuiſſe noſtro.

For *undique Coacta* is right enough; and is the ſame with *Collecta, Collata, Congeſta.* See *Virgil*, Æn. 8. 7. Æn. 7. 582. Our *Horace* in Arte Poet. v. 3. *Virgil*, Æn. 2. 763. *Fertur addere* is alſo very well, notwithſtanding *adpoſuiſſe* follows. See our *Author*, 3. 20. *Propertius*, 3. 12. Where there is much the ſame Agreement and Amity between two *Infinitive Moods.*

ODE

ODE XVII. *Ad* TYNDARIDEM.

VElox amœnum ſæpe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycæo Faunus, & igneam
Defendit æſtatem capellis
Uſque meis pluvioſque ventos.

(a) *Impune tutum per nemus arbutos*
Quærunt latentes, & thyma devia
Olentis uxores mariti:
(b) *Nec viridem metuunt colubram,*

(c) *Nec Martiales hadilia lupos:*
Utcunque dulci, Tyndari, fiſtulâ
Valles & Uſtica cubantis
Levia perſonuere ſaxa.

Di me tuentur: dis pietas mea
Et muſa cordi eſt. (d) *hinc tibi copia*
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

Hic in reductâ valle caniculæ
Vitabis æſtus: & (e) *fide Teiâ*
Dices laborantes in uno
Penelopen vitreamque Circen.

ODE XVII. To TYNDARIS.

Lasmus from fair *Arcadia*'s Shore
Viſits my homely Sylvan Seat:
e ſaves my Flocks, with Guardian Pow'r,
From pinching Cold and ſcorching Heat.

y Herds ſecure their Rambles take,
On Thyme and fragrant Herbs they browze,
or fear the angry hiſſing Snake,
Or Rav'ning Wolves, their mortal Foes.

ere, Fair one, you may ſafely ſtray,
Whilſt the gay Plains their Sweets exhale,
nd on your Pipe ſoft Sonnets play,
That Eccho from the hollow Vale.

heir Poet to the Gods is dear,
My Piety and Muſe they love,
ence Plenty crowns my yellow Year,
And Bleſſings flow in Streams from *Jove*.

Here to ſome Valley you'll retire,
And ſing the Hero and the Dame,
nchanting *Circe*'s guilty Fire,
Or Fair *Penelope*'s chaſt Flame.

Hìc innocentis pocula Lesbii
Duces ſub umbrâ: nec Semeleius
Cum matre confundet Thyoneus
Prœlia, nec metues protervum

Suſpecta Cyrum, ne male diſpari
Incontinentes injiciat manus:
Et ſcindat hærentem coronam
Crinibus, immeritamque veſtem.

Dr. B—'s Notes. Ode 17.

(a) *Impune tutum per nemus.*] I am horridly in the Spleen to ſee ſo many Interpreters pleaſe themſelves with ſuch Trifles. Certainly *impune & tutum* can never ſet their Horſes together. For where is the Miracle, if Cattle ſhould wander *unhurt* through a *ſafe* Wood? I ſhould be more ſurprized if they wandered *unhurt* through a Wood full of wild Beaſts. Away then with this ſame *Tutum*, which is ſo far from mending the Senſe, that it quite ſpoils it. The Books, that *Lambin* look'd into, read it *totum*, which is right; and this I gueſſed at long before I ſaw *Lambin*. *The Cattle wander*, ſays Horace, *through all the Wood, and the thickeſt Covert, where the Dens of the wild Beaſts are, and yet receive no hurt.* See *Per*. Sat. 5. 32. *Virgil*'s Georg. 308. Et *Æn.* 5. 358. *meſian*, 2. 68. Where you find the Epithet *Totus*, *whole*, agree very well with *Woods*, *Groves*, &c.

(b) *Nec virides metuunt colubras.*] Let thoſe Fellows look to themſelves, who againſt the general Voice of all the *Copies*, would fain put *Colubros* upon us. *Lactantius* reads *Colubras* ad *Statii* Thebaid. 5. See *Noni*. where there are many Inſtances out of *Lucilius*, *Turpilius*, and *Varro*. See our *Author*, Serm. 1. *Juvenal*, 5. 107. and *Arnobius*, lib. 4.

(c) *Nec martiales hadi lupos.*] My oldeſt *Books*, the *Leiden*, *Gravian*, and *Queen's College*, read *Hadulia*. The *Lambin* and *Cruquius* foun

Here you may take a chearful Glaſs
Of harmleſs Wine, beneath the Shade;
Your Hours in ſweet Retirement paſs,
Of no rude drunken *Sott* afraid.

No Jealous Lover here ſhall dare,
With impious Hands, your Charms to preſs,
Nor pull the Garland from your Hair,
Nor ſpoil the Beauty of your Dreſs.

---

it in their *Books:* but they are miſtaken in making *hædilia* to ſignifie the *Folds* or *Penns* for *Kids*. Do thou, O Reader, write it thus, which is no great Variation from the Vulgar,

Nec martiales Hæduleæ *lupos.*

As from *equus*, comes *equuleus*, from *hinnus*, *Hinnuleus*, ſo from *hædus*; *Hæduleus*. *Horace* indeed might have ſaid *Hædulei lupos*; but he had more kindneſs for the *Faminine Gender*: for juſt before you find *colubras*, and *uxores olentis mariti*. And why ſhould not *hinnuleæ* ſtand here, ſince *Varro* apud *Nonium Marcellum* mentions *hinnas* & *equulas?* As for thoſe who contend for *Hædilia*, they do not only maim the Verſe, but alſo foiſt in a Word which I believe was never heard of among the old *Roman* Writers. For heretofore the Kids and the Lambs were not kept aſunder in different Folds, but all together with their Dams in one Penn; whence as no Author calls the Sheep-fold where the Yews and Lambs were kept the *Agnile*, but the *Ovile*: So the Fold where the Goats and Kids were kept, is not called *Hædile*, but *Caprile*. Indeed the old *Gloſſary* ſays, Ἐριφοστάσια *Hædilia*, and Ἐριφώνης (or as it ſhould be Ἐριφοστώνης) *Hædilia*; but I believe, if you look over the *Greek* and *Roman* Writers, where they treat of Country Affairs, you will meet with no ſuch Word. Beſides this, the Sheep and Goats being often put into one Fold, the Antients did frequently call the Goat-penns, *Ovilia*. See *Tibullus* the ſecond and the firſt. See *Ovid* Meram. 13. 827. Where

the Sheep and Goats run together.

(d) *Hinc tibi Copia manabit.*] I would fain have you read here, in ſpite of all the Manuſcripts, *Hic* tibi *Copias*; for juſt ſo it follows, *Hic in reductâ valle.* And this I find is very much to the Mind of the learned *Dacier*, and the moſt learned *Fabricius* before him. The *Loſcherian* Edition reads it thus without a blot, 1498. *Hinc* and *Hic* are often confounded in the *Manuſcript* Copies. If then you read *hinc*, you muſt Conſtrue it thus, *Becauſe of my Piety*: and then it ſhould follow, *Hinc* mihi *copia* and not *Hinc* tibi *Copia*. For *Horace*'s Miſtreſs *Tyndaris* was no ſuch righteous Perſon, ſince he would neither marry her, nor make her his Heir. As for what follows, *ruris honorum*, the Interpreters are very right in commending it for a pretty Expreſſion: and they might have quoted abundance of Inſtances to prove it: For *Statius*, Silv. 4. 5. has mimick'd our Author: and in *Theb.* 10. 783, where Senſe is not quite ſo See alſo *Silius Ital.* 3.

(e *Fide Teiâ dices labores in ano.*] Our Books, *Galean*, *Zulichemian*, and ſecond hand the *Queen* *lege* Copy, read it, *Diſce* and after the ſame man *Horace* expreſſes himſelf *Phyllis*, Carm. 4. 13.

Condiſce *modos*, *amandâ*
Voce quos reddas.

So again *Carm.* 2. 19.

Bacchum in remotis carmi
rupibus
Vidi docentem (*credite poſt*
Nymphaſque diſcentes.

But notwithſtanding this, muſt make no Alterati here; for what does this Ex preſſion *diſcere fide Teiâ* ſi nifie? We learn from hen that *Tyndaris* uſed to *ſing* a play upon the *Pipe*; S where *Horace* aſcribes t ſame Qualifications to *Ly* Carm. 3. 28.

NOTES *upon* NOTES. ODE 17.

QUID enim tantopere mirandum, *ſi per tuum nemus impune vagantur pecora?*] The Dr. is reſolv'd to make a Miracle for *Horace* in this Place, and ſuppoſes, *that he had ſeveral wild Beaſts in his Grounds, which made it the more remarkable for his Cattle to* ſcape unhurt by any of them. Now though the Dr. doe not wonder, that the *Woo* ſhould be *ſafe*, where th Cattle were *ſo*: yet I fancy *Tyndaris*, to whom *Horace* writes this, to invite her to hi *Farms*, would ſooner believe him

im for saying, *his Cattle were ſe because he had no wild ſts in his Wood*, than if he d ſaid, *that they and the ild Beaſts graz'd lovingly to- ther.*

Nos ex conjecturâ prius re- ſeramus, quam apud Lam- *num vidimus.*] The Dr. al- ys hits upon a Diſcovery, d finds it out firſt, even after he had ſeen it in ano- ther. This he repeats ſo often and upon ſo many Occaſions, that to ſave further Trou- ble, the Reader is deſired once for all, whenever he meets with any thing Fine and New, to join Dr. *B.* of Courſe to the Author and Inventor.

ODE XVIII. *Ad* QUINTILIUM VARU

NUllam, Vare, sacrâ vite prius severis arborem
Circa mite solum Tiburis & mania Catili.
Siccis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit; neque
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.
Quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem crep
Quis non te potius, Bacche, teque decens Venus?
(a) *At ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi,*
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
Debellata: monet Sithoniis non levis Evius:
Quum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
Discernunt avidi. Non ego te, candide Bassareu
Invitum quatiam: Nec variis obsita frondibus
Sub dium rapiam. Save tene cum Berecynthio
Cornu tympana, quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,
Et tollens vacuum plus nimio gloria verticem,
Arcanique fides prodiga perlucidior vitro.

Dr. B's —NOTES. ODE 18.

(a) *AT ne quis modici*] Our *Gravian* Copy, together with the *Leiden*, *Bartelian*, *Peter-house*, and *Galesan*, write, *ac*; and I suppose the *Books* of the other Criticks write the same: But they make nothing of skipping over these little Matters. The *Leſcherian* Edition confirms this, 1498. This is more elegant and more like *Horace*. See Epist. 1, 19. v. 26.

Ac ne me foliis ideo brevioribus ornes.

So say all the Copies, and yet *at* is in many of the *Editions*. See *Epist.* 1. 1, v. *Epist.* 2. 1, 5. 268. wh *at* is used. See also O Remed. Am. 465.

Ac ne forte putes nova m bi condere jura.

Thus the first *Edition* r it, and two *Manuscripts*, the most renowned *Hei* confesses. But the vu says *et*, and yet he has placed *at* without the Au rity of any Copy. I m no doubt if he had live see these my Emendati he would have altered Mind,

ODE XVIII. *To* QUINTILIUS VARUS.

ON *Tibur*'s Shore new Vineyards plant,
For 'tis the only Tree we want;
The Gods ne'er made a nobler Tree!
The Gods love drunken Souls like me.
They have a thouſand Plagues in ſtore
For ſober Sots, whom Cares devour.
At Sight of *Bacchus*, Sorrows fly,
Spleen vaniſhes, and Vapours die.
Who in his Cups e'er made Complaint
Of pinching Penury and Want?
Or durſt recite in rueful Strain
The Toils he bore the laſt Campaign?
When ſparkling Bowls our Hours improve:
Then all our Talk is Wine and Love.
But ſtill the *Centaurs* bloody War
Bids us of Strife and Blows take Care;
We know what *Bacchus* did in *Thrace*,
Nor will too far indulge the Glaſs.
Let Reaſon ſtill keep in its Light,
And ſtill diſtinguiſh Wrong from Right.
God of the Grape, I'll wiſely uſe
Thy heav'nly Gifts, nor will diſcloſe
Thy ſacred Rites; do thou aſſwage
My burning Soul, and curb thy Rage:
Leaſt to new hateful Crimes I run:
Leaſt Vanity ſeize Reaſon's Throne,
And wretched I to open Day
The Setrets of the Night betray,
And my Heart tranſparent grow,
Clear as the Glaſs, that makes it ſo.

ODE XIX.

Mater ſæva Cupidinum,
Thebanæque jubet me Semeles puer,
(a) *Et laſciva Licentia,*
Finitis animum reddere amoribus.

Urit me Glyceræ nitor
(b) *Splendentis Pario marmore purius:*
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus aſpici.

In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deſeruit, nec patitur Scythas
Et verſis animoſum equis
Parthum dicere, nec quæ nil attinent.

Hic vivum mihi ceſpitem, hic
Verbenas pueri ponite, thuraque
Bimi cum paterâ meri.
Mactatâ veniet lenior hoſtiâ.

ODE XIX.

THE wanton *Queen* of loose Desires
My Soul with Love rekindled burns:
Cnns foments the raging Fires,
And all the Libertine returns.

Glycera, divinely bright,
With brilliant Eyes inflames my Heart,
Cheeks diffusing beamy Light,
Her wanton Airs, and winning Art.

s within my Bosom reigns,
rsaking her lov'd *Cyprian* Grove:
bids me cease my warlike Strains,
nd sing no other God but Love.

verdant Turf adorn the Shrine,
ith fragrant Herbs her Altars bind:
forth the choicest, richest Wine,
o make the Nymph and Goddess kind.

(a) *ET lascivæ licentiæ*] This is right. See *Saluſt* Bell. Jugur, where he ſpeaks of the *Licence* and *Wantonneſs* of the Soldiery, when they are left to themſelves, and under no Command or Diſcipline. See *Quintil.* Inſtit. 8. 4, where he ſpeaks of *Wantonneſs* and *Licence* in Oratory. But then obſerve to write *Licentia* in this Place with a great L and not with a little one, for *Licentia* ſtands for a Goddeſs, which anſwers to *Bacchus* and *Venus* in the foregoing Lines. *Cicero* de legibus 2, 17, ſpeaks of a Temple built to the Goddeſs *Licentia*, but this he does *alla-mode d'Orator*, in *Greek* ῥητορικῶς: for *Clodius* dedicated this Temple to the Goddeſs *Libertas* and not to the Goddeſs *Licentia*. See *Claudian* de Nuptiis *Honorii*, where he deſcribes the Court and Equipage of *Venus*, and places the Goddeſs *Licentia* among the reſt of her Attendants. Moreover take Notice, that in the preceding Verſe moſt of the Books read *Jubent*, as the *Leiden*, the *Royal Society*, and the *Plantin-houſe* Copy: but the *Grævian* and *Battelian* are more in the right, when they ſay *jubet*: For our *Horace* is fond of the ſingular Number in Sentences of this Nature, as I ſhall more largely ſhow in another Place. See *Carm.* 1. 24, Verſe 8, and the Notes thereupon.

(b) *Splendentis Pario marmore purius.*] *Seneca* in his Hippolytus 795 has notoriouſly imitated this Paſſage.

Vexent hanc faciem frigora paucis;
Ha ſolem facies varius ap[p]etat;
Lucebit Pario marmore clarius.

10 DE 62

The End of the Fourth Part.